

*The Historie of*

for Powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barenes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Pri.* No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: But sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King incamp'd?

*West.* He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Scene 3.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night,

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Vern.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

*Vern.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good Coosen be aduisde, stir not to night.

*Vern.* Doe not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Vern.* Doe me no slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected Honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

*Dow.* Yea or to night.

*Vern.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Vern.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp.

Your

*Henry the f*

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse can  
And now their pride and mettall  
Their courage with hard labour  
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe

*Hot.* So are the Horses of the  
In generall iourney bated and  
The better part of ours are full of

*Wor.* The number of the King  
For Gods sake, Coosen, stay till a

*The Trumpet soundes a Parley.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and

*Hot.* Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*  
You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and eue  
Enuie your great deseruinges and

Because you are not of our qual  
But stand against vs like an Ene

*Blunt.* And God defend, but  
So long as out of limit and true

You stand against anoyated Ma  
But to my charge. The King hat

The nature of your griefes, and  
You coniure from the breast of c

Such bold Hostilitie, teaching hi  
Audacious crueltie. If that the K

Have any way your good deserte  
Which he confesseth to be manife

He bids you name your griefes, a  
You shall haue your desires with

And Pardon absolute for your se  
Herein misled by your suggestio

*Hot.* The King is kind: and v  
Knowes at what time to promise

My Father, my Vncle, and my se  
Did giue him that same Royaltie

And when he was not fixe and tr  
Sicke in the worldes regard, wret